

BLUE GRASS BLADE

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

VOLUME XIV. NUMBER 42

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

EDITOR MOORE

ON NEW YEAR DAY

About a month ago my good friend, a doctor, told me that he thought he would like to see that I should write some of the best of the new year, and now on this beautiful, bright New Year's Day, though I am quite weak, I am doing the first writing I have been able to do for some time.

I am glad that Mr. Hughes has changed the date of this paper to the common Christian style, 1906, as it will now be, instead of B. M. 304, as formerly. The latter was a pretty sentiment and just tribute to Gunderman, but at the stake by the Christians, in front of the Vatican in Rome, 806 years ago because he brought the Bible into ridicule by telling the people there were stars larger than this earth. There is one star five millions of miles in diameter, within the range of our telescopes, and possibly, billions of other stars as large as it is beyond the reach of our telescopes. The Bible says that God took six days to make this earth, but he made all of these stars in a part of one day, and the whole matter of their creation is dismissed with the few words "And he made the stars also." But my tribute to Bruno involved some difficulties and misunderstandings and I thought the change to the ordinary style or reckoning time.

I have three motives in writing this. First, because I think there are many good friends of the Blade and myself who wish to see it prosper. Second, because I could not have done some weeks, or months ago. Second, because I think it will afford me intellectual recreation and third, because Mr. Hughes has phoned me that he has not enough copy.

Of course I have no assurance that I will ever recover from this attack but I think I have lately been closer down to death than I now am. There is among Christians a common idea that those who are nearly dead can get, beyond death, some glimpse of their eternal destiny. The idea never seemed reasonable to me, but in my most dangerous hours I thought of it, and had no such experience as the Christians claim is true of good and bad, and it still seems to me that the material of every human body has existed from all eternity and the individuality of each human is destroyed by death, but, of course, I don't know and I get older—now in my 68th year—and I grow more inclined to call myself an agnostic, and on such points, less inclined to dogmatize.

Every man should try to live so as he would be ready to die any day but death, even to the best prepared man, is too serious a thing to be spoken of lightly or flippantly and we should never do it.

Some things are essentially happy and some essentially sad and death, except in rare instances, belongs to the latter. I wish you all a happy New Year.

DR. FOOTER'S

Letchmont Residence Burned.

Dr. E. B. Footer's Letchmont residence took fire last week, from sparks from a nearby burning hotel, and the contents were entirely destroyed, the loss was \$25,000.

Dr. Footer had one of the nicest villas on the sound, quietly located, and as cozy a home, as one would see in miles of travel. It was full of valuable bric-a-brac and monuments, exposing the esteem held for Dr. Footer, from people all over the world. The loss of this will prove a great sorrow to Dr. Footer, as there are no associations in age more pleasant and treasured than the testimonials and letters of old friends dead and gone, an also of the living ones. Dr. Footer's home had come to be almost a Liberal shrine in America. Nearly every one had heard of it, and of its hospitality. I am sure the loss will be regretted generally by Liberals. Dr.

Foot, who is confined to his room, most of the time from the breakdown incident to age, writing me, says that he stood the excitement better than he would have thought, and that he is now domiciled at his New York home, Lexington Avenue—J.

FOR ALL THE ARMY POSTS.

Washington, December 30.—Congressman B. G. Dawes, of Marietta, Ohio, will introduce an important bill when Congress reassembles next week. It provides for the appropriation of \$200,000 for the repair and construction of chapels at permanent army posts, and of this sum not more than \$25,000 shall be expended at any one station. Representative Dawes thinks the Government could well afford to spend a small sum for new chapels at posts where there are none, and improve those already established. His bill will be referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which he is a member.

Comment.—It will be noticed that the above bill is in direct opposition to that to be introduced by Congressman Kitchen of North Carolina, and which was discussed in this paper last week. This attempt to build chapels at army posts is an outgrowth and extension of the building of a Catholic church on the West Point Reservation, some years ago. One point gained leads to another, and gradually, the church is insinuating itself into the state.

An Ohio Congressman, an old school teacher of mine was on the committee at the time the grant was given to the Catholic church to build at West Point. Gov. O'Dell, of U. Y., who is a Freethinker, and who spent \$300 just on a building for Col. Ingersoll's complete works, introduced the bill—the first step in the Catholic scheme. I have less confidence in an infidel who fears openly to practice what he preaches, than a bigoted Christian, who is out and out with his superstitions.

My friend, the Ohio Congressman told me that a caucus was held, and a fixed determination arrived at to defeat the bill. In the meantime every member of the committee received notices from the Catholic bishops of their district that they must sustain the bill, or the church would attend to their next nominations and elections. Another caucus was held, and it was agreed that they would stand pat; but when it came to the scratch, every one of them, excepting my friend, back-tracked and the bill went through. This is the way they do it. They work for what they get, and Freethinkers to nothing. There is no union or settlement back of them.

If we would back up Congressman Kitchen, as church elements back their representatives, we might possibly get the bill through. The time to fight this conspiracy of union of church and state is when we have a champion like Congressman Kitchen to lead us. They don't appear every day.—J. B. W.

THE CULTURIST.

After reading Dr. Wilson's review of the Culturist, I anxiously awaited its arrival. It came, it conquered! In giving a list of the wrongs and articles constituting the first New Year issue, the Doctor could only hint at the wealth of wisdom, contained in its pages. Truly the Culturist is a publication with a purpose or as Editor Hurst puts it, "A magazine with a motive." In a word its mission is to educate the masses and a knowledge of the manner in what the Editor begins the task, can best be gained by a careful perusal of its pages.

Listed to his assurance of adherence to a principle: "I will not be daunted by the disapproval of any. I shall write always as I think and feel, indifferent alike to censure and to praise. I shall say that which is true. No motive of policy or consideration of commercialism shall influence my pen."

I believe that reformers can safely trust in the leadership of Walter Hurst as Editor of the Culturist. He is a young man and should have many years for active work. We all acknowledge his ability, let us go further and support the enterprise in which he has embarked by sending our subscriptions for his splendid publication.—HARRIET M. CLOSE.

NO FEAR OF HELL

Has This Generation, and We Worship Mammon, Says Schurman.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, delivered a remarkable address on the universal crisis for wealth to-night before the union meeting of the Associated Academic Principals of the State of New York. He said:

"A visitor from Mars alighted on our continent he would hear the pulpit proclaim 'Glorify God'; but he would find it the general practice to 'Glorify Gold.'"

"Are we then in this twentieth century to revert to the barbarous worship of Mammon? Are Americans to renounce their Christian heritage; are they to repudiate the Hebrew law of righteousness, are they to disclaim the Hellenic ideal of reason and beauty, are they to spurn the dignity and glory of mankind in order to concentrate all their energies on the gratification of acquisitive instincts which are common with the brute, and which, when exclusively followed, add satisfied, only leave us more complacently and more hopelessly brutish?"

"The universal passion of money and whatever money buys is an alarming phenomenon. It has been nourished by the colossal material prosperity of the age. It has allied itself with the ambition of American youth to succeed in the world. We should naturally expect that it would have met invincible opposition from religion; but religion, already weakened by the decline of dogmatic faith, and falling back on institutions and organizations, has itself been too often tempted to purchase the gifts of the world's wealth with money. Well, the crisis may endure for a season, but disillusionment is certain."

"The vice—the natural and almost insatiable desire of a generation which makes money the chief end of life is dishonesty and 'graft.' The cardinal maxim of such an age is 'Put money in thy purse.' And whether the money be thine or thy neighbor's is a matter of no moment. That is to say, life being emptied of all moral and spiritual significance, and money being exalted as the chief good, the man who gets most money was not only achieving the greatest success, but best fulfilled the ideal of existence."

"It is a generation which has no fear of God before its eyes; it fears no hell; it fears nothing but the Criminal Court, the penitentiary and the swift execution of the law. The ideal of civil society is its only categorical imperative, the only law with which it finds final thunders."

"To get there and not get caught in its only Golden Rule. To 'get rich quick'—the fanaticism of the age will rob the widow and the orphan, grind the faces of the poor, speculate in a trust funds, and purchase immunity by using other people's money to bribe legislators, Judges and Magistrates."

"And then we hear the praises of the poor boys who have become millionaires; O God! send us men of honor and integrity!"

Comment.—When a president of a great university thus expresses himself on a great social problem, he receives attention in all the papers, and his remarks are noted and weighed. The above statement from President Schurman is a remarkable instance of how the idea of hell may be made implanted in the infant brain, and away a scholarly and brainy man all his after days.

The main points at issue in President Schurman's statement on the worship of Mammon are timely, true, and well-said. He is observing and liberal enough to admit that the church is equally guilty in the worship of Mammon. But the remedy he thinks, is a turn to the "Hebrew law of righteousness," and "No fear of Hell."

What does educated and smart people so frequently make of themselves? There should always be a wide distinction between a nation and a nation's professes, and how it acts. What was in reality, the "Hebrew law of righteousness"? Why, to rob, plunder, kill, and keep all they could get. I never had any sympathy for the Hebrews in

Egyptian bondage. As soon as they got out, they treated others even as badly. The seizure of property was their first aim. The first thing they did, was to kill all the Amalekites who sympathized with them, and who fed them when starving, kill men, women and children, and keep their virgins and property. All down through their history they were all for self—and toward others; murderers and robbers.

Is it possible this infidel, materialistic age is no better than Jewish civilization? Do we really want to return to the "Jewish laws of Right-dom?" (7) (7) (7)

In the last issue of this paper, I gave statistics showing that out of donations for the past year of \$66,000, the church only got \$4,000,000. We may now expect a big outcry from the clergy on the away of Mammon. If the church had gotten most of this, Mammon would be one of the best of all the gods.

And do we want to return to "The Fear of Hell"? There never was a time in the history of the world when there was as little fear of hell as today.

The exact relation of Hell to Prosperity and Progress, may be arrived at by comparing the civilization of this age which entertains the least fear of Hell, with those ages which entertain the most fear of Hell.

If the fear of Hell is a good thing at all, then the more hell we have, the better we are off.

Compare the United States (about on Hell) to the Dark Ages (long on Hell). Compare the materialism of England, France and Germany with the civilizations of those countries which have clung the longest to Hell—Russia, Italy and Spain. They are not only clinging to it, but raise it there. It is a pity that educators of the prominent made of President Schurman, of great capacity in many directions are incapable of disavowing themselves from the Hell idea and other Christian communitarianism. They will thus come to be public and church leaders, but not such silly declaration.—J. B. W.

THE CULTURIST.

I have received the first issue of "The Culturist," published at 414 Home street, Cincinnati, Ohio, asking me to put it on my exchange list, which I shall do. I have been reading it, doing—monthly \$1.00 a year, single copies 10 cents. I am not strong enough to read it all, but I have gotten the cream of it and especially the prose articles, by the editor and a long article by Dr. Wilson. It is unusual, written by its editor, Walter Hurst, in prose and poetry. It contains 21 pretty large pages of reading matter, in fine print, and two pages of advertisements, making in reading matter, as much as any three or four leading magazines in America. It is all gotten up in fine style, and it will be very hard to maintain such a publication.

When Brother Hurst published the "Calling Out," in Cleveland, Ohio, I had frequent spots at each other, but, a few months ago, he wrote me a very kind letter in which he indicated to me that the Culturist would please me, and I have just gotten another letter from him that is full of brotherly kindness. In one article in the Culturist, he has made errors and he hopes to improve in the future. It takes a man to say that. I have made errors and my name is legion, some through mistake, some purposely, and some a combination of the two, but I hope to improve and largely to eliminate all unkindness from my criticism of any body, because I have heard out that we hear the side of the man that we think is our enemy be will generally appear to be as near right as we are.

I had among my neighbors, one Presbyterian man that I felt had done me much injury, and damage, that I could never forgive him. He is a director in a Lexington bank, and one of the board of our State College in Lexington, and I suppose was selected for each place because he is an exceedingly shrewd business man. He has been sending me word, for some weeks, that he was coming to see me, and I have sent him word that I wanted to see him, yesterday he came to see me, and made a long call. Neither of us made any allusion to religion, nor to the unpleasantness that had occurred between us, our talk being purely social. When his call was over, we parted the best of friends, and I was sure he is just as honest and good as I am, and I believe that will be the case nine times out of ten.

If two enemies get to understand each other.

I am an older man than Brother Hurst, and I believe to be my friend and I love him and will tell plainly, what I think about The Culturist, because I am his friend.

The tone of the Culturist is very high. I did not find in it a single trace of them bad examples and I believe that it is a single article about the world, except in one article about the Negroes, to which any moralist could object. Race prejudice is natural, but the humanitarian and philosopher must overcome that, and say, like Paine, "humanity are my brethren." Some of his words are hard and unkind to the poor black man.

If the Negro had forced himself foreigners have done, the case would have been quite different, but the white man stole him from his own country, doomed him to the hardest slavery and cruelty here, and made it, unwilling to educate him, even to the extent of reading and writing, de-bauched their women, and in many ways, de-bauched him. It seems to me that now it is the climax of injustice to despise the Negro for his imperfections and that, on the other hand, the Negro race should be the object of the deepest sympathy of every cultured, philanthropic white man and white woman.

Among the advertisements, there is one to which I most seriously object. It is that of Lucifer, the freeloader and much-esteemed paper. No man ought to encourage in another the habit of freeloading, and I have no doubt that he would not be willing to do himself, and Brother Hurst, ought not to assist Lucifer, unless he is willing, personally to proclaim himself a freeloader and much-esteemed paper.

I have most cheerfully granted to the Culturist the unlimited use of the Blade for the advertisement of the Culturist, but I don't see how I can, consistently continue to support the Culturist so long as it supports other publication that is directed to the propagation of two doctrines, one of which is most revolting to my every sense of decency and good morals, and the other opposed to any principle of justice and in his position, I am sustained by every distinguished moralist, Christian or infidel, of ancient or modern times.

Another objection, I have to the Culturist is simply a matter of style. It is one of the many paradoxes in life that the largest ideas are best conveyed by the smallest words and yet Brother Hurst's writing is filled with long, hard words among which are many that I do not remember ever to have seen before and the meanings of which I do not know, while I am too weak to handle a big dictionary to find out.

If Brother Hurst's purposes were simply to make a display of his knowledge of the English language, as seems to have been Brama's purpose, in his "Conciliator," this would be all right, but Hurst claims a higher purpose than that, and then adds a violent death and, as it seems to me without having made the word any better.

Even Dr. Wilson, in his long article in the Culturist, seems to try to conform to the style of the paper, and loses all of that crispness that distinguishes him in the Blade. The Doctor requires a good deal of space to express himself, but in the Culturist, he seems to have had more space than he needed, and he writes like he had a contract to fill so many columns rather than to give us his ideas tersely.

I would recommend to Brother Hurst (see metaphysical philosophy and abstract and more plain talk about how to be good and happy).

TO THE READERS OF THE BLADE

My new pamphlet, "Marriage and Divorce," is now from the press, and all advance orders have been filled. All orders from this date will be promptly filled by return mail. Orders have been received for this pamphlet from twenty-three states. Marriage and Divorce are live questions in all localities, and this is an up-to-date discussion of the subject.

If any persons who have ordered this pamphlet have not received it, please drop me a postal and I will rectify any mistakes. Send in your orders for "Marriage and Divorce," 5 cents for one copy, 5 copies for \$1.00. Send all orders to JOSEPHINE K. HENRY, Versailles, Ky.

Send in your subscription to the Blade and help us start the New Year by paying our paper bill.

Charles L. Moore
Editor



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in clubs of five New subscribers,
50 cents each, \$2.50 for five.

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A PLAIN PROPOSITION.

If a merchant sells a Diamond,
Watch of Jewelry for \$100 which
costs him \$100 he don't make a cent
because, rent, interest on capital in-
vested, salaries, out-of-date stock, etc.,
etc., consumes this 20 per cent. There-
fore, to live and accumulate wealth,
he must add 30 to 40 per cent. to the
net cost of the goods he sells.

Having disposed of my store I now
act simply in the capacity of your
Purchasing Agent, giving you the
benefit of my 40 years' experience and
positively saving you the 20 per cent.
I cost a merchant to do business.
When I receive your order for Dia-
monds, Watches, or any other goods
in the Jewelry line, I select from all
the biggest stocks in Chicago, pay
cash, get all special discounts, and
usually ship goods same day. This
is why I can undersell all merchants
20 per cent. and yet make usual profit
ingest. Spoons and Freestrough
Churns and Pins. Send for prices
and make little tract, "Theism in
the Crucible" free.

OTTO WETSTEIN,
LaGrange, Cook Co., Ill.

My new pamphlet "Marriage and
Divorce" will come from press Decem-
ber 12th. All orders for same promp-
tly filled after that date. Price 25 cts.
a copy; 5 copies for \$1.00. Send all
orders to JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
Versailles, Kentucky.

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tly filled after that date. Price 25 cts.
a copy; 5 copies for \$1.00. Send all
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Versailles, Kentucky.

ATTENTION CONSUMPTIVES!
I kill and clean the lungs of all Con-
sumption germs in from two to three
weeks. No dose.

MRS. C. KELSEY,
41-42, Bellevue, Fla.

(From Winchester Sun Sentinel)
MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY

She Takes a Periwinkle for Text and Preaches a Better Sermon Than Most Preachers can Preach.

Mrs. Henry has spent the best years of her life in defense of her sex, but sensible woman that she is, she can see the faults of women as well as men. There is a vein of humor in the following article that is not common in Mrs. Henry's writings:

Sun-Sentinel:

The Periwinkles that appear weekly in the Sun-Sentinel are weighed down with truth, wisdom, and common sense. The world is sadly in need of this trinity.

A Periwinkle in the last issue of the Sun-Sentinel read as follows: "I can't see any sense in many of the hats that women wear. They do not protect from the cold or heat, and as a thing of beauty, they are a failure."

You are right Mr. Editor, and as a woman, I compassionate the follies and follies of the women who are the stars of that arch tyrant Fashion, which requires them to defy nature, suffer untold misery, and metamorphose themselves into monstrosities. After spending the best part of my life defending women, showing their rights and demanding abolition of their wrongs, no one can accuse me of dealing unfairly with my own sex, but I must say in all candor that when I observe the hats that women wear, to say nothing of the other silly and grotesque fashions they indulge in, I am ashamed of my sex.

It is said by some that women are mentally inferior to men. I emphatically deny this, and for this reason: If men had squeezed their liver up into their lungs with corsets, and never drawn an honest breath, thrown their bodies out of equilibrium with tight shoes with heels in the middle of the soles, filed their hair with rats, mice, roils, and brands made of the hair of dead convicts or nuns, and stashed their brains with haphazard to hold on their heads crazy and ridiculous hats, I say if men had done these things for centuries they would all be blooming idiots or in the cemetery. It is ample proof that women are not mentally inferior to men, but are actually all these things and yet be able to take honored place in the business world and distance men two to one in our schools and colleges as they are today.

Most of the women who are like women themselves, no two of them are alike. The variety in the way of hats this spring is both ridiculous and monstrous, surely Dame Fashion has reached her limit. Many hats can be compared to the crest of the angry parrot when he sticks it straight up in the air. Every hat is tilted up or turned down at an idiotic angle. They are loaded down in a riot of colors, with beads, flowers and vegetables looking like a cyclone had landed them on this crazy gear. A woman with a turned up nose and a turned up hat, that looks like an umbrella blown inside out, is a pathetic object. It is a comfort to know that she is happy because she thinks that she is in the fashion, but she is certainly a blot on nature. Only a fifteen or sixteen year old girl could look well in these outlandish hats. It is impossible to destroy the charm of blooming girlhood with grotesque dress.

If women in this country had always worn sensible clothes and they should go to Africa or Zulusland and find the women there are in the fashions we have today, they would laugh at the women there and say, "poor things, they don't know any better."

Dear women who don't you know better? Why don't you find out what kind of hats and dresses look well upon you, and not depend upon the demimode of Paris and New York to set the fashion for you?

Why don't American women take pride in their own minds and individuality, take pride in physical comfort, good health, and a sensible appearance, instead of trying to imitate every fashionable fad they meet? I have used a good deal of time and space, defending women against the charge of inferiority, but it is pretty hard to defend the woman that makes a guy of herself, sailing along the street, seemingly happy in one of these ridiculous headpieces. No male idiot under the sun would wear such monstrous men. They have the common sense to wear comfortable and healthful clothing and I commend them for it. I wish they would influence women to do the same. When a woman buys a hat, why does she not exercise taste combined with common sense? Why not wear a hat with a crown to fit the head and a brim to shade the face, instead of those cocked up at a ridiculous angle that make the wearers look like angry parrots? Why not wear shoes large enough to fit the

feet? Why not wear dress skirts to clear the ground, and refuse to be the stiletto sweepers, with tailor made gowns? Why not jet the wigs? Is its natural state instead of compressing it with a corset like boiler iron? If not, why not? Every sensible person and all physicians know that comfortable clothing for women would improve the health and mental and moral fiber of the American people.

The present physical inferiority of woman to man, is a pure product of her uncomfortable and weakening clothes. The American woman on the street on a windy day is a very sorry spectacle. Her hair is blowing about, a hat which has no reference to the shape of her head, piled with ornaments fit only for 12th century savages impeding skirts wrapping themselves around her struggling limbs, clutched with one hand, while the other hand strives to hold purse, packages and umbrella. This is a true picture, and what a caricature it is.

As I reflect upon the amount of time, thought and money, worse than wasted in such clothing for women, I am convinced that our household of Chinese civilization has not yet given them nothing in the way of costume to be thankful for.

Fashion is more powerful than law, but common sense and individual will power can destroy the tyrannical edicts of both. Women can make themselves attractive by taking care of their health not by defying nature.

If women would be natural the next generation would have figures as good as the Venus of Milo, and their brain power would be so strong, that the class of men who have taken upon themselves the task of deciding what the feminine half of the race ought to be, to do, to think, to want and to wear, will be forced into retirement. The elimination of the grotesque and monstrous in women's dress is a crying need. If women are to be accorded with any sense, a reform in dress is imperative. I saw a collection of spring hats yesterday, and I barely escaped a combined attack of paralysis, apoplexy, and nervous prostration. O those hats! I can't write more about them, or I will be thrown into a decline.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
Versailles, Kentucky.

(From the Truth Seeker). A CONVERSION OF THE UGLY KIND.

Who the Vincennes (Ind.) Sun of recent date has appeared the following: "The Sun of Vincennes of this city, Ind., of the Church of Christ returned from Olney, Ill., where he has been preaching two weeks and relates a most remarkable result of his labors. A man named Dr. T. J. Edwards, who has written many books and magazine articles against the Christian religion, attended the meetings. On hearing the second sermon, he was converted and renounced infidelity. Not only this, he collected all his literary work, the subject about \$200 worth, in an immense heap in the roadway and set fire to it, and as the bonfire consumed the books he sang and rejoiced. It was a most remarkable scene."

It is a pleasure to find a business for the past year or two—ever since my "conversion" to the cause of common sense—to investigate all such reports of infidel recantations. I hastened to Vincennes, as soon as my attention was called to it, and asked the reverend gentleman what truth there was in the report. He replied that every word of it was absolutely true except that the occurrence was at Olney, Ill., instead of at Vincennes. The doctor further stated that though he had never written any magazine articles or books on infidelity or other subjects, he had enjoyed myself very much in answering through the local weekly press, such preachers as he would draw into it, and asked the reverend gentleman what truth there was in the report. He replied that every word of it was absolutely true except that the occurrence was at Olney, Ill., instead of at Vincennes. The doctor further stated that though he had never written any magazine articles or books on infidelity or other subjects, he had enjoyed myself very much in answering through the local weekly press, such preachers as he would draw into it, and asked the reverend gentleman what truth there was in the report. He replied that every word of it was absolutely true except that the occurrence was at Olney, Ill., instead of at Vincennes.

Bro. White poses as a Free-thinker of the Materialistic brand, and is no doubt a fair representative of that branch of Free-thought, yet he is too impatient with those who may hold views different from his own. Although he can still remember when he was firmly fixed — the meshes of superstition, yet he has neither sympathy nor forbearance for those who have not yet been so fortunate as to see the absurdness and inconsistency of popular Theology. The editor of this paper poses as a Free-thinker of the Spiritualistic brand, and is perfectly willing for his life and actions to stand as a mark or representation of his belief. Bro. White thinks that physical death is the end of man. We think that physical death is only a step into a conscious state of disembodied existence. He thinks we believe too much; we think that he believes too little. He thinks that we are superstitious; we think that he is incredulous. He guesses, we guess. No more.

As to his preference for the articles of the authors mentioned, will

most fearful I have ever read. I have frequently offered large rewards for authentic proof of recantation of an infidel who had sense enough to know the meaning of the word and had arrived at his conclusions by thought and investigation, but the proof was never produced.

S. D. McREYNOLDS,
Louisville, Ky.

(From the Arkansas Traveler) MOSES WHITE IS TIRED—VERY.

Does Not Know for Certain Just What He Wants, But Supposes "Subscriber" to be One Who Practices Some Kind of Craft, Because Full Name is Not Signed to Article. Strikes Out Boldly in the Direction of Nothing and Makes a Few Off-Hand Suggestions About Whose Contributions He Would Like to See in The Traveler.

Editor Traveler:

Sir: I notice in issue 13-8-1905, of the Traveler, an article from you, entitled the "Millburn Warlike" debate, a metaphysical quarrel between two Revs., which covered nearly one whole page of the Traveler, to read which, would tire most any intelligent person, the idea of men debating and quarreling over a metaphysical, fabulous book, which was constructed by priest-craft, from pagan myths and fables, for the purpose of "quitting" the ignorant into the support of the priest.

It would seem like there had been enough said, concerning the metaphysical quarrel in your article of the eighth, but on receipt of issue of the fifteenth, we see the first page covered with an article from "a subscriber." I suppose the author is one who practices some kind of craft, as he or she as the case may be, seems to be too cowardly to sign the article covering nearly the same line of thought as your article in previous issue.

I don't wish to meddle with other folks' business, but I would like to see the columns of "The Traveler" filled with contributions from such authors as J. B. Wilson, J. E. Roberts, Parrish B. Ladd, Mr. Josephine K. Henry and others, instead of subscribers whose occupation won't admit of their signing their name to the contribution.

Respectfully,
MOSES WHITE.
P. S.—If you do not feel disposed to publish the foregoing scurrilous please return to writer.—M. W.

While we flatter ourselves that we have a reasonable degree of intelligence, we are frank to confess our inability to say any definite purpose in the foregoing, unless it is regarded as a scurrilous wrangle with "Subscriber." While this might be ever so pleasing to friend White, it would make a majority of the subscribers tired, and we do not care to make them tired just for the sake of making them tired.

As to the crafts, there are various kinds. There is priest-craft, wood-craft, smith-craft, doctor-craft, merchant-craft, book-craft, printer-craft, farmer-craft, as well as various others, and one class of craftsmen make all the others in proportion as they outstrip them in business. Professionally speaking, the various craftsmen get all they can out of their business. The doctor gets all he can, the merchant gets all he can, the book-maker gets all he can, the printer gets all he can, the farmer gets all he can. That is all there is to the crafts of life under the competitive system. Under the socialistic system it might be quite different. If each was rewarded in the exact proportion to the good accomplished, then one craftsman's interest would not be so directly opposed to every other. If every man was encouraged and rewarded for telling exactly what he believed to be the truth about any and every question that might arise, then the people would speedily become too intelligent to be misled by any man's matter what his craft might be.

Bro. White poses as a Free-thinker of the Materialistic brand, and is no doubt a fair representative of that branch of Free-thought, yet he is too impatient with those who may hold views different from his own. Although he can still remember when he was firmly fixed — the meshes of superstition, yet he has neither sympathy nor forbearance for those who have not yet been so fortunate as to see the absurdness and inconsistency of popular Theology. The editor of this paper poses as a Free-thinker of the Spiritualistic brand, and is perfectly willing for his life and actions to stand as a mark or representation of his belief. Bro. White thinks that physical death is the end of man. We think that physical death is only a step into a conscious state of disembodied existence. He thinks we believe too much; we think that he believes too little. He thinks that we are superstitious; we think that he is incredulous. He guesses, we guess. No more.

As to his preference for the articles of the authors mentioned, will

say that we have never rejected a single communication from any of the parties named, in fact one of them has been especially solicited to become a regular correspondent for the Traveler. Bro. White seems to infer that we had been rejecting articles from the parties named in order to make room for articles that make him tired, but such is not the case. If he happens to notice anything else in our paper that gives him "a tired feeling," we would like to hear from him.

THE OLD GRINDSTONE.

The incidents of childhood's years, With pleasure we relate. The tales of hardship long ago past, Perhaps we oft inflate, But thoughts of one experience Still chill us to the bone. 'Twas when our elders said To turn the old grindstone.

The dreaded summons often No matter what the hour; And other sport and work was left.

To furnish motive power For sharpening corn knife, ax, scythe, In relays or alone, We ached and cried, the while we toiled Upon the old grindstone.

When "working bees" were being planned, The help for many a mile, Would bring their implements, and chat

And "sharpen up" meanwhile, They'd say—"Young ones should earn their keep, Their bread and corn pose"

And then we knew our fate was sealed To turn the old grindstone.

And how those "grows-ups" would And say to us—"turn fast," All paining breath, and flaming face, Warned them to stop at last

To try the "algae" and light the pipe. While we with inward moan, Would wait the final smoothing work Upon the old grindstone.

At times we saw our father with The cradle on his arm, Start from the clearing to the house, And in, we would grind, But our error soon was shown; For mother then performed our work Upon the old grindstone.

No well adjusted bells had we, Like those in use today; We trembled feared to do the work, With ease akin to play, But hickory pole, or buck frame, Supported discs of stone, At every turn the handle made Unearthly creak and groan.

We smile as we remember now The stories of early life, The many hardships, hopes and fears, With which the times were rife, But this experience remains, And stands forth quite alone— The agonizing hours we worked Besides the old grindstone.

HARRIET M. CLOZ,
Webster City, Iowa.

DEATH OF JOHN GLICKERT.

Among the Liberals of Cincinnati, no death of recent years has caused more genuine regret than that of John Glickert. He was quite a young man—a boy-reared a Catholic, listened to some street preaching by a band of young Free-thinkers, was converted to Free-thought, later became interested in economic questions, and gradually became a Socialist speaker of local reputation. He lived with his widowed mother in humble room in Pleasant street, and supported her, endeavoring at the same time to get an education. Realizing that his parochial schooling had left him ignorant, and that he must study if he would fill the position in life toward which his ambitions directed, he entered the University of Cincinnati. What with his studies and the labor of supporting himself and mother the strain was too much for him. Last fall during the political campaign, he spoke slightly against the Socialists ticket. At the same time he was living on half rations, and was going hungry—circumstances not known to his intimate friends and comrades. He lately felt a prey to Typhoid and died last Thursday, and was buried from the Auditorium by the Socialist Party, about 800 attending. The speakers were Dr. Swing, Rev. Herbert Biglow, and Prof. Whitcomb of the University of Cincinnati.

This was the first Socialist funeral held in Cincinnati. No religious services of any kind were introduced. Socialists are Free-thinkers, and there is no influence in the world today making one fourth as many Free-thinkers as Socialism, and for this reason, I took some of their dreams, and look upon it as a good thing. It is doing more to liberalize and revolutionize the thought of the world than any other organized body. Rev. Biglow said:

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"Glickert died a martyr and a victim of social wrongs. Just as water from a polluted stream infected him with typhoid, so also polluted society caused his death."

I know this boy well, he held the esteem of all. He was bright, ambitious and promising, and the story of his starvation and struggles against poverty, which was not known until after death, has awakened general sympathy. All the more so, when I remembered, that although hungry, night after night, with a happy smile on his intelligent face, he spoke for humanity, and for those who like himself, secretly suffered. His brief part in life, he played well. Peace to his soul."

J. B. W.

JESUS A LEGAL DARY CHARACTER.

In sixteen times, Professor Goldwin Smith has given a clever idea of the legendary or mythical character of Jesus, that Dr. Wilson was able, or did express in a column on the same subject in the Blade. While Prof. Smith professes to be a Christian, he has this candor to admit that "Jesus represents to us not a man, but the aspirations of many hearts." He brings the subjects down to the understanding of the most ordinary mind.

Prof. Goldwin Smith says "The mighty and supreme Jesus, who was to transfigure all humanity by his divine will and grace—this Jesus has no power. To my mind, this fact has no terror. I believe the Legend of Jesus was made by many minds working under a great moral impulse—one man adding a parable, another an exhortation, another a miracle story. And so Jesus represents to us, not a man, but the aspirations of many hearts. If one can create a Jesus, another can. Our age can. You and I can help in the creation. We can

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"!To-morrow," said he, they will be out to work, on rail-roads and workshops, displacing the American born, and at the next election, they all vote just as the corporations want them to vote."

to have to supply sons to fill their
places and be killed, those who pro-
duce everything and live on black
bread and water, in order that those
who produce nothing, shall live on the
fruit of the earth, those who are made

Who ever heard of the autocrat, the landlord, the landowner or monopolist deriding the poor for free-speech and liberty? Who brings about all reform in government? With a few noble exceptions, the promoters of liberty all come from the walks of the 'lowly'—from the slum—from the carding machine, came Palae, who starved as he ate. From the back-woods log cab-

the denizens of the slums come here more than any one else in telling the situation of government, simply because they know its worst side from their experience. They, better than anyone else know of the corruptions of the ballot, because the corruptor comes down among them, knowing that poverty may be more easily in-

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